

Inferior

Flesh Field

Betrayal and conformist greed
We are beneath you, like the dust and the weeds
And while you trample us, we are already saved
For in the end of it all, you'll become the slave
The rich enslave the poor
It forces women to become whores
We bought their lies, they betrayed our trust
We've become the object of their lust
When did I lose control?
When did I fall apart?
I never had a soul
I never had a heart
The rich enslave the poor
It forces women to become whores
We bought their lies, they betrayed our trust
We've become the object of their lust